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### Recommended Citation

"EBWS 1.20: Correspondence and Documents, Circa 1848-1849" (1848). *Correspondence*. 184.  
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Johns letters

1848 + '49



To my dear Friends Jane and Mary

"How many thoughts of moments spent,  
Of cherished moments fled,

Gone with the swiftly passing year,

And numbered with the dead!

And whenever like these beauteous clouds,

We all have passed away,

Oh! may we meet, together spend,

One bright eternal day."

"Thy kindness shall bring to thee many sweet hours

And blessings thy pathway to crown

Affection shall weave thee a garland of flowers  
More precious than wealth and renown."



Mary's song—"We have been friends together"  
O! let me hear that strain once more,  
Unheard for oh how long—  
So dearly loved in days of yore,  
That old and simple song!  
And let its numbers wake again  
The bright and joyous past—  
The dreams the hopes I cherished then—  
Too exquisite to last!

~

And let it bring the rosy hours  
Of old, to gladden this—



When every path was strewn with flowers,  
And but to live was bliss.  
And while I feel its music Thrill,  
I'll gaze upon thy face,  
And dream that I am happy still,  
For one brief moments space.

∞

O! not with dull unheeding ear,  
And cold, averted eye,  
Can I those touching accents hear,  
Of happier days gone by.  
Then give me back the loved, and lost,



Affections never told—  
A heart unchanged though sorely crossed  
The fervid faith of old.

Go. Moll

Withou the sweetest fairest flower,  
The bambin of the fold,  
Sweet bird! whose soft melodious song,  
Along my heart hath rolled,  
Summer and light are in my soul  
When I recall thy face,  
So full of sunny radiance,  
Of witchery and grace.



And oh! 'tis for thy feelings warm  
Within thy heart enshrined  
That in my heart such tenderness  
I find with thee combined  
It is not here its full reward  
Thy gentle heart will prove  
Here ever must thy lot be hard  
But rest is found above

Then give me back the loved, and rock,



God might have made the earth bring-<sup>forth</sup>  
Enough for great and small,  
The oak the elm the cedar tree,  
Without a flower at all,

Then wherefore were they made,  
All dyed with rainbow lights,  
All fashioned with supremest grace,  
Up springing day and night,

Our outward life requires them not



Then wherefore had they birth?  
To minister delight to man,  
To beautify the earth.

To comfort man - to whisper hope,  
Whenever his fate is dim,  
For whose earth for the flowers,  
Will care much more for him.



And,  
O, 'tis sad to be lonely 'tis sad to look back  
To the friends like the flowers now scattered away,  
In perspective to gaze along memory's track,  
And see in the distance how little is left;  
In the bosom of dwells an enduring grief  
Which clings with a rapture to all of its sorrow,  
Like the tear of the flower that rests on the leaf  
The same in the past and to-day and to-morrow  
Then while I'm alone I'll embrace what is left,  
From the tablets of memory cull what will last,  
If from joys of the present the heart is bereft,  
' We can turn with more pleasure to those that are <sup>(past)</sup>



To Mary E. Pontotoc Miss

The star that rules thy destiny, arises clear and bright,  
And sheds upon thy flowery walks a flood of silver light;  
Inspires thy brightly visions with its soft and gladdening  
And sheds a glowing lustre on thy young and wakeful dreams.  
The star that rules thy destiny, with hope illumines thy youth,  
Reflecting on life's chequered scroll a hue of love and truth;  
It decks the mystic drapery that over time is cast,  
And dissipates the darkness gloom that gathers round the  
Oh, may the star that shines so bright upon thy youthful days,  
Still brighter glow, with not a cloud to intercept its rays;  
Still calm the strong and troublous tide that overwhelms the soul.



And on the evening of thy life impart a holy glow.

There is a star whose peerless light outlasts created time,

It guides earth's wandering creatures to a fair and joyous clime;

Peace and beauty and beauty that star illumines the night,

Nor dimly shines when rosy morn doth hail the golden light.

Oh, choose that star—love not the world, its fairest flowers wilt (fade)

Its brightest hopes, ere youth is spent, be withered and decayed;

'Twill o'er the ruffled spirit throw a soft and sweet control,

And calm the passion-fire that burns within the restless soul.

Then with the star whose influence rules thy spirit's destiny,

Its rays will lead and guide thee over life's dark tempestuous sea.

Their genial beams shall light thee to a nobler sphere above  
Where the fond spirit lives, 'mid smiles of joyousness and love.



To. Mary. Edmondson. my dear friend

Though the clouds of depression and sorrow

To-day may overshadow thy skies

Trust the promise of hope that the morrow

In beauty and radiance shall rise

This life is a state of probation

Of pleasure and misery blent

And hope is the richest donation

To gladden our pilgrimage sent

Lophia A. Bridgers



To Mar. E.

"The thought of thee — it is a strain  
Of music in my life,  
A pictured leaf in memory's book,  
A star mid storm and strife;  
It is a wild flower of the heart,  
Wet with the dews of tears,  
And dimmed not by the cares of earth,  
Its passions and its tears."





Mr. A. W. Douglass

Mass. Hills





Recd. April 6<sup>th</sup>





Mrs Mary A Edmondson

Memphis

Shelby Co

Tennessee



Care of A J Edmondson





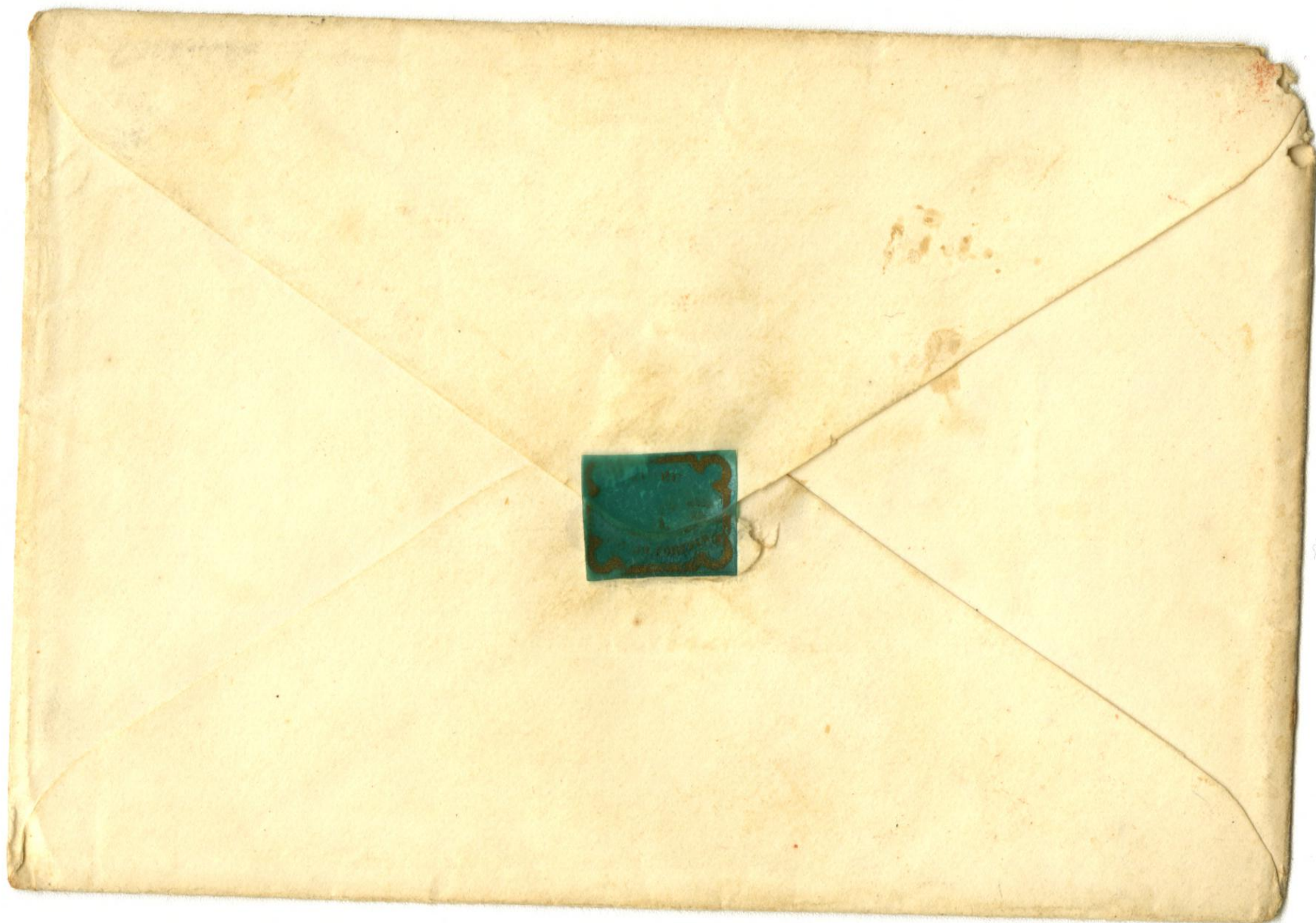




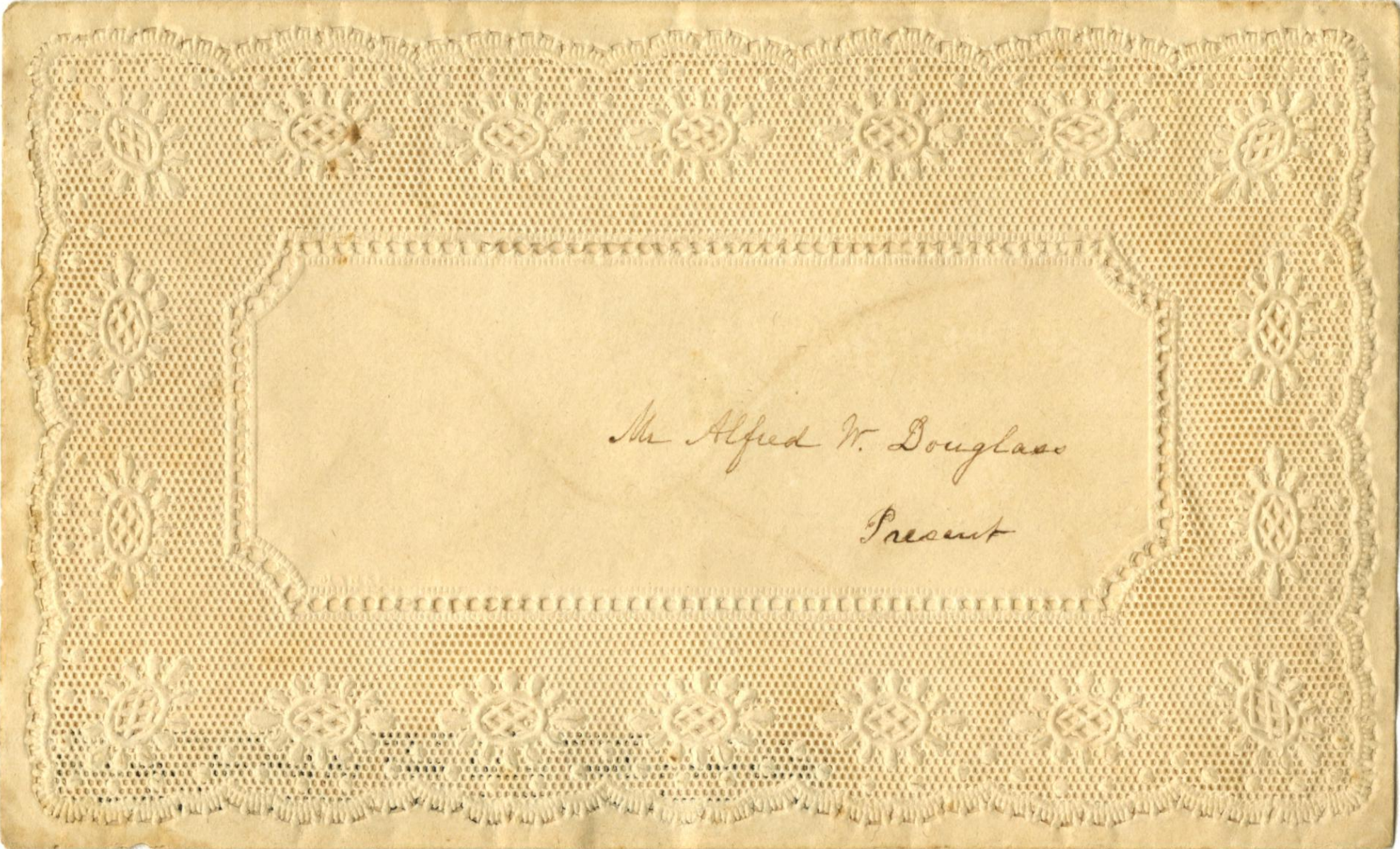
1849 *Crown* **5**

Miss Mary G. Edmondson,  
Pontotoc,  
Mississippi









Mr Alfred W. Douglass

Present





D'une  
amie.



Rev: Alfred W. Douglass  
Nashville  
Tennessee



5/849

Miss Mary H. Edmondson  
Poultot.

Miss,

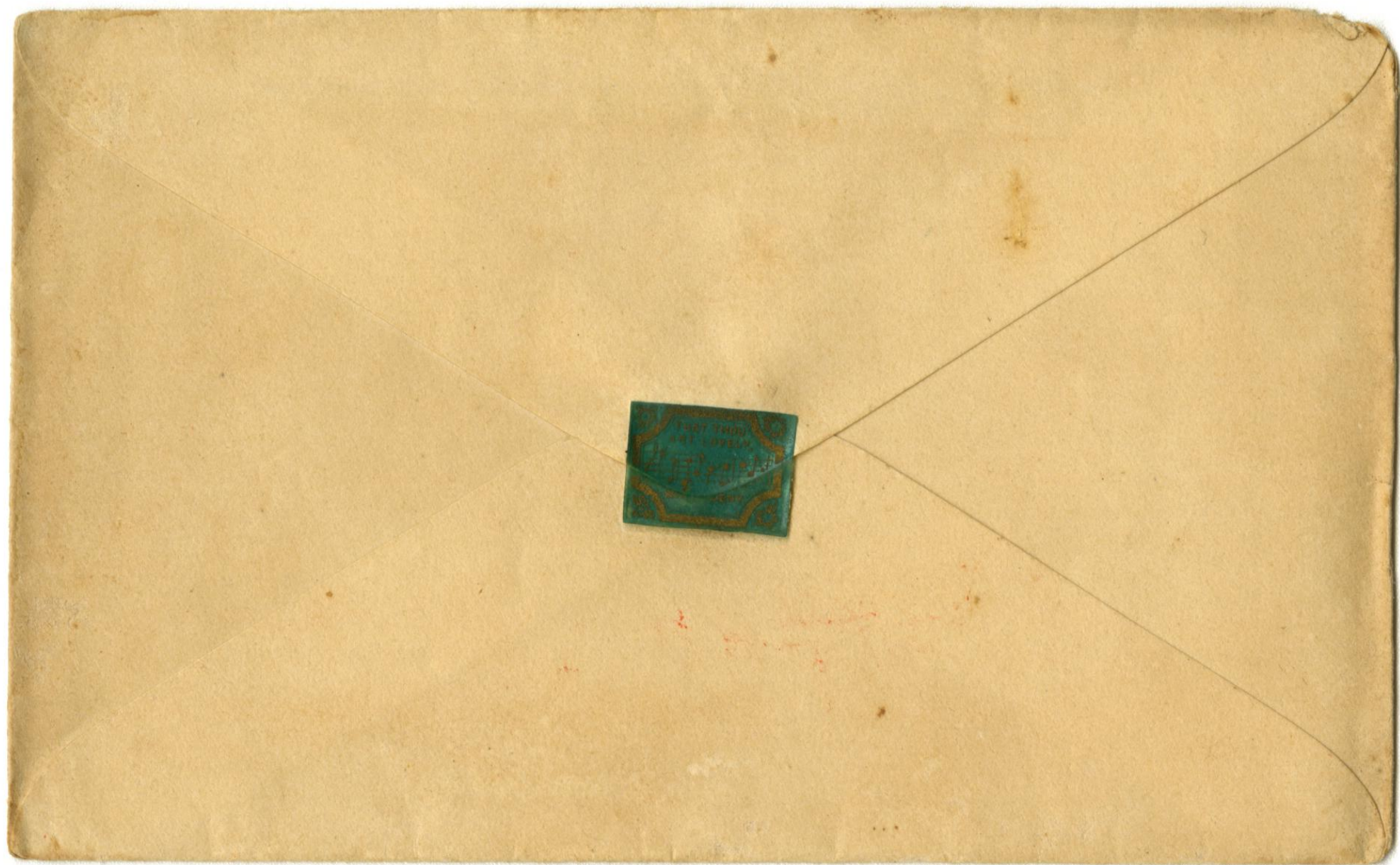






Roses presented by Mr Bradford







Dear Friend,

Proprity with all its inexorable codes have I banished from my presence and thoughts whilst I leave for a few moments yielding to the solicitations of a comparative stranger - one far away whom I have never seen and yet from my present engagement one whom I wish to consider my friend.

Even after the before mentioned banishment I can scarce realize a power quite sufficient to become a master trait in female character long enough to address you but briefly and if I do not write



How a letter so lengthy as those I sometimes  
send, my dearest friend of which you  
have spoken you will not misconstrue  
my motives but receive it as an evidence  
of my warmest gratitude and not dis-  
pleasure for those assurances of friendship  
lately received from the gifted Stranger.

You have pictured to me glowingly the  
blighting of many beautiful and bright  
hopes, and substantially as it may be on  
my part. Should we ever meet - I fear  
from frequent allusions in your letters  
and which you asent not to be flattering  
your friend far away will have to  
contribute her share but largely in the  
devastation of some rose-coloured dream  
some elusive colours - too light in which



you have asked her, yet oh as I do  
forgive me and only think had I  
the power I would realize for the  
sake of my new friend, the thoughtless  
exaggerations of love letters produced by  
the overflowings of love from a grateful  
and affectionate heart. You know of  
whom I am speaking, at least I trust  
you do — We have been bosom friends  
from our earliest childhood, shared  
hand and heart each others pleasures  
and when stern fate decreed to either  
ours a single pang, wept each others  
tears — from this one might be led to  
make due allowances for any exagger-  
ation. Forgive her she did it without  
thought and for one realize the



inappropriateness of language which you  
could but use as flattery after beholding  
the original of a certain miniature of  
which you have sometimes spoken.

Poetry I love with all my heart! Then  
allow me to thank you most sincerely  
for some beautiful lines contained in  
your first, and which happy the thought  
for me prompted you to introduce  
them, however I will not pretend to  
answer this beautiful letter from one  
Sophie has made my friend although  
not fairly. I almost felt to act without  
advice yet you see I have been led  
to trust you a stranger, but Sophie's Cousin  
You will write to me again and trust in  
the sincerity of your friend Mary H. E.



Miss Mary Edmondson

Pontiac

Miss

Favor of  
Mrs Philpatrik







Miss Sophia A. Bridgers.



To Mary E.

Sweet haunter of my happy dreams!

Bright visions of my heart!

Of all I hear and all I see.

Thou seemest ever a part;

In all the wild wood's melodies,

In all the songs of birds,

And in the tones of breeze and stream,

I hear thy low sweet words.



To My dear Mary

I have a sweet young friend,

With voice like a singing bird;

And it is bliss to look on her lovely face

And to list to her joyous words -

Oh many a heart will lowly bend

To her - my sweetest, dearest, Friend.



I have a fair young friend;

And her every thought is a gem;

A lovelier diamond than ever flashed

We can turn with more pleasure to those that are



From kingly diadem.  
And Oh her soul with the blest will blend,  
In Heaven - my sweetest, dearest, friend.

For Mary E. Poutloe Miss

Oh may you gain some newer power,  
To press along the path of life;  
More peaceful in the peaceful home,  
More earnest in the heavenly strife:  
Till the great work of faith is done;  
Life's action, its endurance too,  
And the clouds melt in the sun,  
And heaven in glory comes to view.